

The Tool-house and Repair-shop.

The farmer who does not count among his outbuildings a tool-house and a repair-shop loses a considerable sum of money every year unnecessarily. Dollar after dollar dwindles imperceptibly away, because reapers and mowers, seed-drills, plows and harrows are suffered to remain just where they were last employed to bear the injurious action of pelting storms and drying winds. Tools worn and loosened and calling for simple repairs are used until past all mending, and machines are run as long as possible, to finally be sent, at great expense, long distances for renovation. Everybody as a rule concedes that wagons ought to be kept under cover and usually provision is made for them in the shed or wagon-house, but many there are who do not appear to realize how ruinous it is to hay-tedders, grain-drills, harrows and similar implements to be exposed to the influences of changing seasons.

On small farms the wagon-house is often made to serve the three-fold service of shelter to vehicles and the larger pieces of farm machinery, with a work or repair-shop partitioned off in one corner. In the latter room should be a work-bench on one side, with shelves and brackets to hold tools and racks for the smaller farm implements, such as hoes, rakes, shovels and the like, which may not be accommodated in the room devoted to the large machinery. Here a farmer and his boys may, with the assistance of a set of carpenter's and blacksmith's tools, add largely to the profit side of the farm balance-sheet, not only by the early repairing of tools, machinery and harness, but during the winter months by the fashioning of numberless conveniences for the dwelling house. The repair-shop, be it understood, in sections where fuel is plentiful ought always to be provided with a stove. An inexpensive small tight one, with a pipe set into a substantial chimney, will render it a comfortable place for the workmen and afford such fire as may be required in blacksmith work.

The expense attending the fitting up of a convenient and comfortable repair-shop can in a season or two be wiped out by the proper cleaning and oiling of mowing machines, the painting of wagon bodies, the repairing of wheels and axles, the replacing of rake teeth, the tightening of hoe handles, the sharpening of knives to reaping machines, the making of rollers and stump-pullers, the furnishing of empty rooms in the house with home-made furniture which a charity housewife will gladly assist in upholstering with crotonne, jute-cloth or other inexpensive material; the manufacture of a refrigerator for next summer, a set of extra window-sashes for mosquito season, a new filter for the cistern—in a word, an endless number of small but necessary articles which cost much money to buy outright. All this and more has been accomplished during stormy weather and long winter evenings, under cover of what is termed a workshop on the farms of progressive farmers. On large farms, of course, the workshop arises for separate tool-house, and wagon-sheds. These

For you should be not only tightly covered, but good floors made a little. The floors may be of concrete, or a low grade of asphalt, so that the water will be light, but floors should be of one kind or other, standing upon the ground. A separate injury by the dampness arising from the ground, which not only rusts the iron, but swells the woodwork, is a variety of mixtures which are applied to the iron parts of implements to prevent rusting, the cheap one which is grease that has not been used. An excellent article can be prepared for the protection of either steel or iron by melting lard and common rosin slowly together and stirring the mixture as it cools. When required in large quantities make in the proportion of about six pounds of lard to two of rosin. If only a small amount is desired, a piece of rosin the size of a hen's egg will suffice for one pound of lard. This mixture may be applied with a cloth or any article that will give a thin coating to the metal surface to be protected. The rosin prevents the lard from becoming rancid, and the grease excludes air and moisture. Before applying this or other protective washes the machines should be thoroughly cleaned of dirt and dust; wipe the bearings and oil with castor oil. Castor oil, by the way, is among the best of oils for iron axles. A wheel well lubricated with it not only turns readily, but wears much longer than when oiled with cheaper sorts of grease.

It is not only economy to look after the iron and steel portions of tools and machinery but the woodwork claims attention. Alternate wetting and drying soon injures any wood, causing cracking and finally decay. This may be prevented by the timely and occasional application of some cheap paint. When the woodwork from exposure has become cracked, it is advised to give it a wash of crude petroleum previous to an external coat of paint. Petroleum not only improves all wooden tools but is also valuable for rustic furniture exposed to the weather. An occasional coat of this oil improves the color and renders the article more lasting. Gas tar is sometimes employed as a paint for wagon wheels. A correspondent who has made use of it in this way saw that it forms a hard, durable, black polish, somewhat like Japan on tinware, and dries in the summer sun on the wood in one day and on iron in two days.

Her Scraggy Husband.

"Is my old man in limbo?" she asked as she filled up the doorway with her 220 pounds of avoirdupois. Bijah looked up from his sweeping, regarded her closely for a few seconds, and then began humming:

"Is my old man in limbo?"

"We had a little falling out last evening," she went on as she helped herself to a chair, or rather two of them, "and he fled the house. I rather expected he'd get drunk and be run in here, and I thought I'd drop down this morning and ask him how he liked it as far as he'd gone. This folksed business seems to worry some men, but I never let it trouble me any."

"What sort of a looking clothespin is your old man?" asked Bijah.

"Well, he's scraggy. Take the whole

town together and you couldn't match him for scragginess. He's mean by look and nature, and not one woman in a thousand could manage him."

"How do you work it?"

"I let him jaw and blow and go on for about an hour. Then I tell him to shut up. If he doesn't I make him. Sometimes I give him the grand flop and sit down on him, and again I bounce him out doors."

"Do you love him?" solemnly asked Bijah.

"I never thought to ask myself," she replied. "Somebody had got to marry him and train him up, and it happened to be my luck."

His Honor came in at that moment, and began to rush out the papers, and in a very short time her scraggy husband put in an appearance. She had rightly described him. A fall from a fourth-story building into a bed of mortar would have failed to improve him. He had got drunk as she predicted, and been arrested while picking a fuss with a boy 10 years old.

"Charles Adams, did you have any trouble with your wife last night?" asked the Court.

"She came home drunk and I left the premises," he replied.

The fat woman now waddled forward and the first the prisoner knew of her presence she had her fingers in his crop of curly hair and lifted his heels clear off the floor.

"I'm the wife referred to," she explained to the Court. "Did he say that I was drunk?"

"No, I said you was cross," replied the husband.

"Suppose I was?" she queried, as she raised him again. "Has a wife got to be always on the grin? Is she expected to be honey every hour in the day?"

"I think you can manage him," observed his Honor, as he looked over the desk.

"La! Judge, but don't waste any time on any such flung-together human as he is!" she answered. "Manage him? I could manage a whole acre of such jackals! You go right on with your cases, and I'll take him home and see that he doesn't bother you any more."

Charles hung back, but a grip at his scalp-lock fetched him, and the pair marched out of court amidst general applause.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Pat and the Dentist.

It must have been a very curious scene, the one witnessed in Dr. Groesch's dental parlors the other day at Williamsburgh, on Long Island. One Patrick Clancy, an Irishman by profession, and a day laborer, went off his food and acquired a pessimistic view of life along of a game tooth which occupied a strategic position in the back part of the side he chewed on. Patrick tried salt and rhubarb and hot flour and roasted hops, and the other simples with which the female mind hopes to beguile the insistent toothache. All were without effect upon his bicuspid, which eventually drove him to the ragged edge of madness. Patrick, sustained and soothed by an unfaltering purpose not to waste money upon dentists, held out for a long time. But when it comes to a question of endurance between a man and a tooth, the tooth generally wins. This being the case, no one will wonder that Pat at last appeared in Groesch's atelier and demanded respite, respite and nappies. Dr. Groesch is a hearty sort of a gentleman, and prone to generalize. He seemed to argue that after all as having a tooth pulled was the main thing, it did not make much difference which of Pat's grinders was jerked out. Hence, the bicuspid which Patrick was after being difficult of access, and, this being a credit case anyhow, the Doctor jerked out a more exposed tusk, which the same Mr. Clancy valued at \$500, as the subsequent suit proved. It was sometime before Patrick realized what had happened; but the subsequent proceedings must have been lively, in view of the fact that Mr. Clancy is suing Dr. Groesch for \$500 damages for mayhem, while Dr. Groesch has counter suits for assault and battery and malicious destruction of property.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

The Story a Bottle Told.

A FEW days ago a skeleton was found on the bank of the Don by one of Messrs. Gooderham & Worts' workmen, and near by a bottle was picked up by a small boy, who gave it to Detective Newell. The bottle was broken open, and found to contain a paper obliterated by age and exposure, but which tells the following story: A man named Desbenyon lived beyond the Don in 1809 in a small shanty with a stepson who was idiotic. One night as a number of men were passing the shanty they were attracted by a peculiar smell, and looking through the window they saw Desbenyon holding a boy over the fire until his head was roasted off. They broke in the front door, but he then escaped out the back and an exciting chase ensued. It was in the winter time and the pursued man took to the ice on the Don, but it was not strong enough to bear him and he fell through and struggled to the shore in an exhausted condition, when the men seized him and compelled him to sign the confession of the crime, and they then hanged him and buried him in a shallow grave, placing the confession in a bottle by his side, and this skeleton and confession after a lapse of over seventy years comes to light.—*Toronto World.*

THERE is an earnest movement in Pittsburgh to organize the State of Allegheny out of the western half of Pennsylvania. The proposed addition to the National galaxy is marked out to embrace twenty-eight counties, with a population of 1,454,196, and would still leave the old State a population of 2,783,116.

A CALIFORNIA farmer got considerable fun out of what had been an annoyance by placing a stuffed deer in his grain field. The hunters, after emptying a large amount of ammunition into the animal, and discovering the fraud, never trespassed again.

Old Peter Goetel, the New York millionaire, it is said, never carried any money about him, but drew every day the sum necessary for that day's expenses, whether it amounted to one dollar or less.

A Cure for Whooping Cough.

A FRIEND sends me a slip cut from a recent newspaper, inquiring for a reliable remedy for whooping cough. I am enabled to give the desired information after actual experience in my own family. I had through the equally favorable experience of more than a score of friends and neighbors who have tried it. It is well known to most intelligent people that exposure of patients to the vapors arising from the purifying boxes in the gas works almost invariably relieves the terrible paroxysms, and, after repeated visits, cures have been frequently effected. This discovery was made by a physician in Paris about fifteen years ago.

The fact was published, and soon after visits began to be made to the Manhattan, New York, Brooklyn, and other gas works, on the recommendation of our medical men. An epidemic of whooping cough raged in Newport in the winter of 1878. Over 200 patients, between the ages of two months and seventy-five years, visited the gas works. The Treasurer of the company, William A. Stedman, Esq., states that nearly all were benefited, and some were undoubtedly cured.

About that time the child of a distinguished chemist in Providence, R. I., was seriously ill with this terrible disease, and too weak to be taken to the gas works. The father procured a quantity of the liquid hydro-carbon deposited by condensation in the bottom of the purifying box, and vaporized it in a metal dish in the closed room of the little sufferer. Almost immediately it revived, the spasms were checked, and after a few days the child recovered and was as well as ever.

Microscopists have recently discovered that the cause of whooping cough (pertussis) is the rapid aggregation of bacteria under the root of the tongue. These must be destroyed before relief can be obtained. To this end such powerful medicine as quinine bromide is given; but even that fails to reach the seat of the disease. Of course the ordinary expectorants are absolutely useless; change of air is rarely curative; hence the rapidly increasing percentage of deaths from this disease.

The New York Board of Health report for 1875 has a list of 489 deaths from whooping cough in that city. The deaths weekly in London, England, are from a minimum of 60 to a maximum of 220, over 6,000 annually.

Physicians generally inform the anxious parents that whooping cough must take its course, as a remedy is unknown, and they can only slightly relieve it; that the incubation and increase in virulence will occupy six weeks, and from six weeks to six months will be required before it is entirely removed. The whoopings usually increase regularly in number from day to day to the fifth week, often equaling forty times in twenty-four hours. Very rarely is this disease preceded by any other, but so great is the strain upon the system that frequently it is followed by pneumonia, in which event death often ensues. A fatal termination is more generally the result of absolute physical exhaustion due to the terrible strain consequent upon the oft-recurring paroxysms.

A few years since my youngest child, never before ill, was stricken by this dread disease. The best medical talent was obtained, every known remedy tried, most watchful care constantly exercised, but without the slightest avail. The child actually coughed itself to death. With all the grief of this sad experience still fresh, in April, 1879, we were alarmed by a new incursion of the destroyer. Our children, 5 and 7 years, were attacked, seemingly with the severity of the preceding case.

It was then I learned of this Providence chemist's discovery, and that simple but ingenious apparatus had been invented by which the hydro-carbon (by analysis found to be cresole C₆H₅CHO) could be evaporated in a closed room. I immediately procured both. The apparatus is a metal stand six inches high, supporting a cup, holding half an ounce of cresole. The heat is supplied either by a petroleum lamp or gas; vaporizers being made to attach to an ordinary gas burner.

Cresole is a rose-pink liquid with a boiling point of 337 degrees. It is not unpleasant in odor, but, on the other hand, is extremely grateful to any one with the least bronchial or catarrhal affection.

In three minutes after the lamp was lighted the vapor of the cresole was diffused in every part of a room 15 by 20 feet. In ten minutes the children manifested evident relief, recovered from their dull exhaustion and were playing on the bed, even laughing aloud in their evident freedom from the paroxysm.

I was not advised it could be continued in safety all night, and at the expiration of fifteen minutes extinguished the lamp. The children had been whooping twenty times a day. One of them did not even cough for twelve hours, the other for thirty-six.

Leaving that the vaporizer could be continued day and night with more rapid benefit, I applied it for five nights in their sleeping room. The spasms ceased and they speedily recovered.

At that time an epidemic of whooping cough was raging in my vicinity. I advised my neighbors of this apparatus. Many of them were used and with the best results.

I believe the vaporizers and cresole are now to be obtained from druggists. I am confident it will be found equally efficient in all throat and lung diseases. Inhalation is the true mode of treatment. The apparatus is nearly perfect as an agent for deodorizing, disinfecting and perfuming not only a sick room, but an entire house. It deserves an extended trial.—*Cor. New York Sun.*

INDIAN corn has been successfully used instead of barley for malt in Great Britain. If the discovery proves to be practical on a large scale, a constantly widening market will be offered for the surplus crop of maize in this country, and beer will be vastly cheapened. From time immemorial in both North and South America Indian corn has been used by the aborigines in the production of a rude beer. It has not been hitherto by any civilized nation, and its use now in England follows the repeal of the duty on malt and the attention of chemists to the preparation of a substitute for barley malt.

Our Young Folks.

MAMMA'S PUZZLE.

BABY is sleeping—Good night! good night! Angels with joy behold the fair sight! Two little eyelids fringe the soft cheek Where dimples and smiles have freckled all day. One little answer in vain do I seek. Which is the sweeter—mamma cannot say—Baby asleep or baby at play?

Baby is sleeping: what perfect repose, What innocent rest my little one knows! No furrow of care, no line can I trace On these little features by night or by day. To shadow their beauty or mar their sweet grace. Oh, which is the fairer—can any one say?—Baby asleep or baby at play?

—Mrs. R. N. Turner, in Christian Union.

WHAT THANKSGIVING'S FOR.

FRED and Jack Howard sat by the window watching the snow as it fell fast to the ground. Little Jack, in his light skirts and long curls, had great respect and admiration for his brother Fred, who wore jackets and trousers, and had just arrived at the dignity of boots, though mamma had said he could not wear them "till snow came." That was the reason they watched the storm so eagerly, talking busily meanwhile.

"Fred, when is Thanksgiving?" asked Jack, trying to make a picture on the window with his finger, forgetting mamma's reproof the day before. "Next Thursday," promptly replied Fred, who was almost always willing to answer Jack's questions, which, to tell the truth were very numerous; in fact, papa called him "a dear little interrogator point;" but Fred loved him, and besides, liked to be appealed to, as if wiser than Jack.

"How many days till then?" continued Jack, putting some frightful horns on the animal which had begun for a cat.

"Six," patiently answered Fred, taking out his knife to sharpen his slate pencil.

"I say, Fred," persevered Jack, "tell me what Thanksgiving's for, anyway."

"Why, Jack, it's to go to church and have a good dinner," said Fred, who had broken the nice point to his pencil and was scowling a little.

"And go to grandpa's, if he only hadn't died," added Jack, turning away from his "art studies" to watch Fred. "Do they keep Thanksgiving in Heaven, Fred?"

"Yes, Jacky, I think they do, of course; but we go to church Sunday, and we have tip-top dinners most every day, if nothing happens, and we used to go to grandpa's in summer time, too, so I don't just know what Thanksgiving is for," he concluded, reluctantly.

"I'm pretty sure about the eating part," said Jack, triumphantly, "for Bridget's making mince meat today, and I had a taste," laughing to think of the size of the "taste;" but that can't be all it's for. Just see, Fred, how it snows!" and away went both boys for coats, caps and mittens, as well as boots, for the ground was now as white as Bridget's frosted cake. The busy little fellows had not heard their mother come into the room, in time to hear the last of their conversation. She was a pretty mamma, "the prettiest lady in town," both boys stoutly maintained; a loving mamma, too, anxious that her sons should grow into good, noble men.

"They don't understand what Thanksgiving is for!" she said to herself, in surprise, as she drew her rocker nearer the bright, open fire. "They must find out, and how?"

Thanksgiving morning dawned bright and cold; not snow enough for sleighing, but enough to deck the fences and trees in a beautiful new winter dress, and make home seem dearer than ever.

The Howard family gathered happily around the breakfast table, tempting with chicken, rolls, coffee and doughnuts, and attractive with some of mamma's flowers at each plate.

"So glad I don't have to go down town today, little woman," said papa, and mamma smiled back her pleasure, when Fred said, eagerly:

"Mamma, who is the company we're going to have to-day? When will you tell us?"

"They will be here when you come from church; wait patiently till then, dear," mamma answered, and sprang to catch Jack's goblet of milk, which he had upset while gallantly insisting on giving her the rolls. After breakfast the boys passed the time in playing with the baby, till they all went to church. Fred gave Jack a reminding punch when the minister read: "In everything give thanks," and whispered, "now I guess we'll find out;" but though he listened well for a time, he got no clear idea, wondering what "harvests," "yellow fever," "accidents," and "reforms" had to do with "Thanksgiving." Jack occupied himself with counting the buttons on Charlie Scott's coat, and whispered to Fred "what comes next to twelve?" when mamma's hand on his reminded him that in church all the talking was done by one person; and after a long time, it seemed to Jack, church was over, and they were on their way home. Papa and mamma walked in front, and talked about the sermon and the singing. Fred and Jack, behind them, wondered who the "company" was, waiting for them now at home.

"It can't be Aunt Helen and the girls, for they've got the mumps, and can't go out doors. Glad we haven't got 'em, Fred," said Jack, skipping along backward to admire Fred's new overcoat, with so many pockets!

"Nor Uncle John, for he's gone to see that pretty lady who was here last spring," said Fred. "Wonder what she's gone to see her for; wasn't she lovely, though?" and here Fred forgot his dignity in a good-natured chase after a dog, in which Jack joined.

As they went up the walk to their pretty, comfortable home, there was an odd little smile on papa's face, and mamma said, as they went in: "Boys, go directly to the nursery and take off your coats, and then come down."

In a twinkling the boys were in the sitting-room, their eyes big with curiosity. Whom do you think they saw? Sitting by the fire, in their own pretty camp chairs, were two boys of about their size, thin and pale and dirty; in ragged, scanty clothes, seemingly as much surprised at being there as any one else could be. Instantly mamma said, in her sweetest voice, holding out her hands to her own boys:

"Jack and Fred Howard, here are Bob and Tom White, who have come to visit us. We hope to give them a very happy day."

Fred and Jack were very dear children, but they were surprised and disappointed. Forgetting "the law of love" and the "golden rule," which older people forget most sadly, too, Fred stood eyeing the guests with something like scorn. I am sorry to say, while Jack, turning away from his mother's outstretched hand, cried out:

"I don't like 'em; I don't want 'em here."

Bob and Tom fidgeted and turned red, gazing in awe at the pictures, vines, easy chairs, and most of all at Mrs. Howard's beautiful face, turned so kindly toward them. Then she spoke:

"Fred and Jack, my darlings, let me tell you a true story. I found these little boys down on Park-st., that first day it snowed. They have no home; they have no father or mother, no one to take care of them. Bob holds horses, sweeps crossings, or does anything he can to earn a little for Tom and himself. A woman down near the engine-house lets them sleep in her woodshed. Their father and mother died of yellow fever last summer, while we were at grandpa's." Here her voice faltered for a moment—her dear old father had died only a few months before—but then she went on: "I have brought them here to-day to let you see what Thanksgiving's for; and I hope they will find out before they leave us." She stopped, and waited for an answer. Fred came quickly forward, and said to Bob:

"Haven't you any home?" To this loving boy home meant all that was dear in the world.

"No," briefly replied Bob, surveying Fred's blue suit and bright buttons with sharp and wistful eyes. Nearer came little Jack, his cheeks red with excitement.

"Haven't you any mamma?" he cried out, as if he couldn't believe so great a sorrow could be borne.

"No," again said Bob, this time putting up a rough, dirty hand to his eyes.

"Nor any baby sister?" asked Jack, now standing close beside them.

"No," broke in Tom, with a little choke in his voice; "she died before the rest."

Poor little Jack! the smiling baby sister, in the rose-lined cradle up stairs, was a very angel to him, and this was too much. Bursting into tears, he cried out, clasping his arms around her neck: "Oh, mamma, I do feel so sorry for them. Can't you do something for them?"

Fred was crying too, now, and papa walked to the window and stood with his back to them all, but mamma smiled, though tears were in her eyes. Drawing Fred close to her, she said, laying her hands on Jack's curly head, buried in her lap:

"Shall we give them some good warm clothes, and when they are washed and dressed shall they come and eat dinner with us? Shall we give them a look at baby, and let them hold her little hands in theirs? Shall they play funny games with us after dinner, and sing with us when you are tired of play? And when it is nearly dark shall papa go with them to a kind man, who will take care of them, and never let them be homeless or hungry any more?"

"So this was the way Fred and Jack learned "what Thanksgiving was for."

—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A Home for His Mother.

BUSINESS called me to the United States Land Office. While there a lad apparently sixteen or seventeen years of age came in and presented a certificate for forty acres of land.

I was struck with the countenance and general appearance of the boy, and inquired of him for whom he was purchasing the land.

"For myself, sir."

I then inquired where he had got the money. He answered, "I earned it."

Feeling that an increased desire for knowing something more about the boy, I asked about himself and parents. He took a seat and gave me the following narrative: "I am the oldest of five children. Father is a drinking man, and often returns home drunk. Finding that father would not abstain from liquor, I resolved to make an effort in some way to help my mother and brothers and sisters. I got an axe and went into a new part of the country to work clearing land, and I have saved money enough to buy forty acres of land there."

"Well, my good boy, what are you going to do with the land?"

"I will work on it, build a log house, and when it is all ready, will bring father, mother, brothers, and sisters to live with me. The land I want for my mother, which will secure her from want in her old age."

"And what will you do with your father, if he continues to drink?"

"O, sir, when we get him on the farm he will feel at home and be happy, and I hope become a sober man."

"Young man, God bless you."

By this time the receiver handed him his receipt for his forty acres of land. As he was leaving the office he said, "At last I have a home for my mother."

—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

Arbitration Better Than Litigation.

BALTIMORE CITY has a Court of Arbitration in connection with its Board of Trade for the settlement of difficulties among the mercantile community. This Court possesses ample powers for the prompt settlement of all controversies arising from the pursuit of trade, commerce, navigation, manufactures, etc. The Court is accessible for business at all times, and the expenses are limited to twenty dollars from each litigant. Three modes of trial are provided for by the Court, viz.: Before the Judge alone; before the Judge and two lay arbitrators, one to be selected by each litigant; before three lay arbitrators, with right of appeal to the Judge. From the final decision of the Judge there is no appeal to any Court in the State. Parties may appear before this Court with or without counsel, and judgment in every case must be rendered within twenty days after submission. That is a cheap and handy Court for settling petty suits, and probably its decisions are as often (or oftener) right as the more costly Courts of the State.—*The Merchant.*



THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM.
Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns, and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

Preparation on earth equals no other. A safe, sure, simple and cheap. External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims. Dispensed in Eleven Languages. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE. **A. VOGELER & CO.** Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.



Meets the requirements of the rational medical philosophy which at present prevails. It is a perfectly pure vegetable remedy, embracing the three important properties of a preservative, a tonic, and an alterative. It fortifies the body against disease, invigorates and revitalizes the torpid stomach and liver, and effects a most salutary change in the entire system, when in a morbid condition.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally. **THE GREAT INSTRUCTION BOOK!**

RICHARDSON'S NEW METHOD For the Pianoforte.

BY NATHAN RICHARDSON. PRICE \$3.25.

IT IS GENERALLY CONCEDED THAT THIS IS THE MOST PERFECT, AS WELL AS THE MOST SUCCESSFUL PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION BOOK EVER PUBLISHED, HAVING BEEN MANY TIMES REVISED, IT MAY BE CONSIDERED AS ENTIRELY FREE FROM ERRORS. HAVING BEEN REPEATEDLY RE-EXAMINED, IT IS UNIMPAIRABLY FULL AND COMPLETE.

MANY THOUSANDS OF TEACHERS HAVE USED THE BOOK FOR YEARS, AND STILL CONTINUE TO USE IT, AS THE BEST SALES ARE CONSTANT, AND VERY LARGELY INCREASING.

RICHARDSON'S NEW METHOD FOR THE PIANOFORTE IS THE TITLE, ORDER IT BY THE WHOLE TITLE, AND ADVERTISE NO OTHER BOOK, SINCE THIS IS THE ORIGINAL AND TRUE "RICHARDSON."

SOLD BY ALL THE PRINCIPAL MUSIC DEALERS AND BOOKSELLERS OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA. MAILED, POST-FREE, FOR \$3.25.

LYON & HEALY, Chicago, Ill. OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

FOR THE HAIR, BURNETT'S COCAINE THE BEST HAIR DRESSING. BURNETT'S COCAINE Promotes the Growth of the Hair.

Beautifully Illustrated Floral Hand Book free. Send address to **JOB. BURNETT & CO., Boston, Mass.**

D. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

For the Cure of Coughs, Croup, Hoarseness, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, and all other Affections of the Throat and Lungs. Price only 50 Cents a Bottle.

\$100 A MONTH No other paying employment in the United States. Agents wanted for our new and improved "NEW BOOK" for the cure of Coughs, Croup, Hoarseness, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, and all other Affections of the Throat and Lungs. Send for prospectus and terms. Address: **W. J. BULL, 1000 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.**

FOR CHILDREN! THE SUREST REMEDY FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS. 25th Year in 1881. Send for prospectus and terms. Address: **W. J. BULL, 1000 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.**

NEW BOOK for the cure of Coughs, Croup, Hoarseness, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, and all other Affections of the Throat and Lungs. Send for prospectus and terms. Address: **W. J. BULL, 1000 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.**

FOR CHILDREN! THE SUREST REMEDY FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS. 25th Year in 1881. Send for prospectus and terms. Address: **W. J. BULL, 1000 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.**